

student's pen



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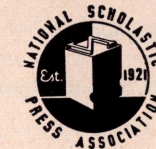
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EDITORIAL

"It's Time for a Change of Partners"

THE dance should have been a great success. A first class orchestra was playing dreamy music. The beautifully decorated hall held a capacity crowd. Yet somehow the dance fell short of its goal. Almost everyone was bored-stiff.

The failure of this dance cannot be blamed on any one person or group, for this is a typical problem at any dance given today—whether round or square.

The trouble lies in a certain social custom which has been growing steadily worse and worse during the past few decades. At these social gatherings there is no exchanging of partners. When a boy takes a girl to a dance, he feels obligated to stay with her all evening. In fact, he feels she would be insulted if he should suggest such an exchange.

If fellows only knew how most girls feel about this custom, they quickly would break the bonds of boring tradition and return dances to the pleasant, lively occasions that they should be.

It is not uncommon to hear one young lady exclaim to another, "I wish we could change partners for just one dance. I'd mention it to my date if I weren't so afraid he likes it this way."

About a quarter of a century ago young people had an ideal method of avoiding this unpleasant situation—the program dance. Before the night of the big dance a boy would get together with the other fellows and fill out his date's program—always leaving the first and last (and a half a dozen or so in between) dances for himself. In those days a young miss would be deeply offended if a boy was so lazy that he could not bother to fill out her program with a variety of partners, but took all the dances for himself.

Nowadays the program card is just an insignificant, meaningless piece of paper to be tied to a girl's wrist or hidden away in a boy's pocket completely forgotten.

Would it not be splendid if on just one occasion boys would be brave enough to defy tradition and bring back the old program dance? It would not be difficult, but would require just a little courage and initiative.

There would be many obstacles to overcome. One would be those couples who may be placed under the social heading of "going steady." Here there really should be no trouble. If two people like each other well enough to be "going steady," they should not worry about a few exchanges of dances altering the relationship.

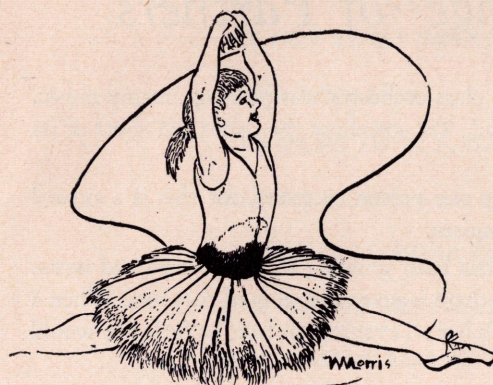
Another problem would be those girls (or boys) who feel they have hooked the handsomest or best dancer as a partner and are afraid to let him get out of their sight. Again an exchange of partners once in a while would do more good than harm. It would erase all chances of having boredom creep in to spoil the evening; this, in turn, might eliminate the chances of a date in the future.

If a fellow is slightly dubious about how to go about changing partners, he should double-date with another couple. Then it will be easy to switch between the two couples until each is accustomed to the new arrangement. Also, the orchestra leader could be asked to lead a few broom dances or the like.

Perhaps we were wrong in supposing this might be a solution to the problem. Perhaps there is no problem at all, and teenagers and college folk like to be chained to a custom that forever dooms them to dull dances. We think not. It's time for a change—of partners!!!

Dream World

By Marlene Burns, '55



(The following is one of the last entries in the diary of the late Enrico Celli.)

February 12, 1954

I OFTEN think of the marvelous adventures which Mark Twain said that he had in the world of his dreams. Each night he said that he dreamed of a beautiful, fragile girl named Alice with whom he would walk and talk and dream of the future. In the last moment in his dream world, the agonizing feeling of being plunged into consciousness and reality would be assuaged by an insistent, subconscious voice which told him that he would return to his Alice the next night. Very often I have marvelled at this account, and I have more often wondered if the same thing could happen to me or anyone else. Now that it has, I am frightened at the power of the mystical force which each night for the past three weeks has returned me to the beautiful building where I watch the small, faceless children practicing at the *barre* and hear from above the booming voice of the teacher, whom I cannot see.

Each night it is the same. As soon as I sink back into my bed and relax my body and my tormented mind, the same journey begins. There are always the movie-like grey swirling clouds over which I seem to half-glide and half-fly to my destination. As I come closer and closer to the school, the clouds begin to vanish; and I always hear distant strains of Debussy's "Iberia," which has always reminded me of a bustling marketplace where Senoras jostle

each other carelessly in their hurry to reach a particular location where they can out-bargain their neighbors for the market wares. Abruptly, as the busy music fades away, and the clouds vanish, I am left alone in the middle of an azure expanse. All I can see beneath me, above me, all around me, is a blue mist, which is warm and still. I begin to walk slowly but determinedly toward the building which I know is ahead of me. I do not enter it, but I am immediately projected into it and always find myself downstairs in the entrance hall. I stand unnoticed while busy stagehands from the nearby theatre dart here and there with pieces of scenery or boxes of Capezio slippers. All are ready at any moment for the beck and call of the unseen master whose voice booms through the whole building.

I always start walking from the entrance hall into one of the nearby rooms, in which I hope to find the stairway which will lead me to the booming voice of the master. I run softly into a vast room done entirely in a striking Chinese red. Here and there in the room are severe pieces of furniture done in ebony. The floor is black and shiny; it always looks as if no one has ever been in the room before, or even known that such a room existed. I run into the adjoining room, which is done in chartreuse from the ceiling to the floor. In the middle of this smaller room is a cool, beautiful glass table on white wrought iron legs. In the middle of the table is one, and always only one, pink ballet slipper which some frightened dancer has forgotten or dropped on her way to the staircase which must lead to the master. I always stand staring at this slipper, never daring to touch it for some mysterious reason. Then, I quickly turn around, and there, in the next room, I behold the staircase.

It takes up half of the ceilingless blue room in which I suddenly find myself, and it always ends nowhere, for I can never see the top. All I can see are the *barres* going across the immeasurable blue wall, one row always about five feet above the other. There, practicing at each *barre*, are small, faceless children frantically doing plies and demi-plies to the command of the master, whose voice booms down from somewhere above that staircase. The children are all dressed differently, except for

the fact that each and every one of them wears a somber pair of black tights. Other than that they all wear different but consistently bright-colored slippers and shirts.

What I have just described is the set pattern, the same invariable introduction which opens each dream. On some occasions I trail behind the group of dancers who are always running home, home to their squalid little apartments somewhere in the city. Sometimes, after the lesson, the children practice on the bare stage of the adjoining theatre. At other times they just continue practicing at the *barre*, as they work furiously toward the perfection demanded by the master. On a few rare occasions, I have talked with the stage hands who dash back and forth between the theatre and the school. All of them, without exception, dislike the master for some quite inexplicable reason. Last night I had an extended conversation with one of the dancers, who tried vainly to explain to me why the master was such a tyrant. I still don't understand what she said; I doubt if I ever will.

Unlike Mark Twain, I am relieved when I awake each morning. I am free again until the nighttime. Then I cannot escape; the thought of the school and the tyrant who controls it all will not let me sleep peacefully. People have said that I have an acute persecution complex. Even the doctor has said the same thing, and I don't know whether to believe him or not. He is my only friend, but I do not want to believe what he tells me about my mind or my dreams.

It is getting late in the evening, and I am growing very tired. I am afraid that I will fall asleep and I am afraid of what I know will happen, what always happens. Tomorrow I shall tell Dr. Murray that I have had the same dream again, and he will ask me more questions. Do I like the hospital? What did the mothers say? Do I understand why they closed the school? Questions, questions, questions, all about the mothers and the stagehands and the school. With each question I will tell him that I do not know why; I cannot understand it; I only know that they have taken from me the purpose of my whole life. I am now but a shell of myself, a meek, hollow shell. What they do not know, what all of them will never know, is that I could have made Nijinsky's and Pavlova's out of each of their children . . . each one. But they didn't understand me . . . no one did . . . they didn't even try . . .

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By Lil Calman, '55

Every year I try to keep
The ones I always make.
(For me it's just impossible—
My "reso's" always break!)
For to do all of the homework
That the teachers piled up high
Would mean, "You're in tonight, dear,"
And, oh gosh—I'd simply die!
I vowed I wouldn't hog the car
Or fight with sister Joan,
Or gossip with my girl friends,
Or converse long on the phone!
I've tried real hard to keep them
But, as usual, I see
That my New Year's resolutions
Have been broken—and by me!

LOVE

By Sara Milne, '55

This four letter word has changed hard men,
Has made people see life's worth living again,
Has given to soldiers the strength to fight,
Although they may die any day or night.

It's carried a sick person through a crisis;
It's freed many people from various vices;
It's furnished to thousands of every creed
What is called incentive—a need to succeed.

From the day you're born to the day you die
You will always have hope if on love you rely;
Remember ten words the Bible versed—
Faith, hope, and charity, but charity first.

Show love to your neighbors, your friends, your kin,
To not only the virtuous, but those that sin;
For when you love, you're reflecting God,
And He wouldn't shun you because you're odd.

Love isn't something you bottle inside;
You never know where its effects will reside.
It's not what you get, but that which you give,
So never stop loving as long as you live.

The Short of It

By Toni Tesoniero, '56

AS the one member—president, vice president, and treasurer—of the “Be Kind to Shortsters Club” I think that some drastic changes should be made to alleviate the injustices we poor small ones suffer. In a world of “giants,” or so it seems to me, we are as out of place as a tiny kitten in the den of a lion—some relationship, but not much.

I consider myself a permanent member, always eligible. Frankly, I've tried everything to make myself stretch, which unfortunately proved to be of no avail. “Why don't you try push-ups?” some bright soul suggested. Three hundred push-ups and two sore arms later I found myself still the same height, and somewhat the worse for my experience.

On and on it went, someone always offering “kind” suggestions to make me grow—vitamin pills, exercise, swimming, bowling, basketball! “Try arm bars,” my bright and “tall” brother announced one day. Ten of those later, I found myself lying on the ground, my poor arms so tired and stiff I couldn't lift them for three weeks without wincing.

Whenever anyone is brave enough now to suggest something, I listen very carefully, then forget the whole matter. My mother predicts optimistically, “Just wait, you'll grow.” To that I now turn a deaf ear. I am convinced that I can never be disqualified from this club.

When I was twelve, I suddenly noticed that everyone around me was shooting skyward; but strangely enough I was earthbound. Just about then I had the choice luck to meet my “pet” teacher. Daily he would bellow at me, “Aren't you ever going to grow?” He somehow always insinuated that I was to blame. I redoubled my efforts to stretch; but, when they proved to be worthless, I discarded them and never consciously attempted them again.

While in junior high I at least had some company my size. However, when I entered high, I took one look down a corridor of legs and resisted the impulse to run. Since then I have been tripped, trampled, and tortured by those legs.

If merely walking constitutes such an effort to the short ones, you can well imagine what a task it is to buy clothing that fits. We have a choice of buy-

ing either little girl clothes which are absolutely ridiculous, or teen age clothing, which on us is even more ridiculous. They're either too long, too short, too big, too small, too old, too childish!

Shoes are even more of a problem. Somehow the small person either has very tiny, narrow feet or very large, narrow feet.

Perhaps the most trying experiences we suffer are above and beyond the call of duty in housework. I vividly remember tottering on unsteady chairs vainly trying to reach dishes in the upper regions. It especially peeved me when I couldn't stretch that half inch more to get what I wanted. On tip-toes I would grope for what I wanted, frequently finding it on the floor keeping me company.

Each spring and fall a pleasant task awaits me—that of hanging curtains and drapes. It's hard enough to arrange them if you're on a level with them. In preparation and expectation I get out the liniment just before each bout. I stretch, I grunt, I groan, and I settle down finally to sore arms and a sore back.

But the most trying experience is washing paint. I never seem to be assigned the low walls—if there's any such thing. I'm always on the top—stretch, stretch, rub, rub. oh, my aching arms. This really proves that exercise will never make one grow. The only things I grew were aches and pains.

Even with these disadvantages, I thoroughly enjoy life as seen by the short. I wouldn't exchange it for anything. I've made up my mind to be on good terms with the lower regions of the earth, for I am destined to remain here for a long while. As I say to inquirers, “I like the atmosphere down here. I'm afraid I'd be lost ‘way up there.’”

Miss Haylon (during English class): “Elizabeth, what is the meaning of the word ‘paradox?’”

Elizabeth Gomes (after a pause): “Two doctors.”

The Red and Black, Rogers High School, Newport, Rhode Island, has photographs of the students on its cover. The result is attractive and clever, especially the candid shots.

Altitude Zero

By Jon Shepardson

TWO Sabre Jets sliced through the cold, dark, night air, heading toward a small western Air Force base.

At the controls of the lead jet was Captain Will Brown, a hardened veteran of World War II and Korea, but looking like a fresh young officer from West Point.

Behind and to the left flew the second jet, piloted by Al Brooks, the captain's wingman. Brooks was a young man with a stiff crew cut and holding the hard earned rank of Lieutenant.

“This is Mongon Air Base to Brown Leader,” the captain's earphones crackled. “What is your E.T.A.?” (estimated time of arrival.)

The Captain glanced at his watch. “Mongon, this is Brown Leader. I'm over you at 2 and 40. Over.”

“Brown Leader, this is Mongon. Roger and Over.”

With this came a silence, broken only by the sound of rushing air. The captain glanced at the ground where small patches of light twinkled. The lights meant towns, and they were thick.

“Like pea soup!” The captain heard Brooks' voice. “Like pea soup,” it repeated.

“If you mean the towns, Brooks, you're darn right.”

“Oh, hello, Cap,” said Brooks. “I ‘thinked’ you was asleep.”

“Brooks,” moaned the Captain, “your language is atrocious!” “Uh-huh! Well, that's the way it goes,” mused Brooks. “I think you're completely at . . . er . . . atro . . . oh well!”

The Captain started to laugh but was cut short by a violent vibrating of the plane.

“Hey, Cap, hold still! I can't follow you,” came Brooks' voice.

The captain's answer was given to calm his own nerves as well as get back at Brooks: “I would if I could, but I can't so I shan't,” and after a pause, “How does it look, Brooks?”

“Oh, precarious,” he answered. “I would hate, H-A-T-E, hate to be you. I'd say you're about to lose everything. It looks like your engine blew a gasket.”

The jet was slowly losing altitude and leaving a great trail of white smoke. As the engine slowed there was a loss of hydraulic pressure and electrical energy and to control it became very difficult. The Captain switched in the emergency battery for electricity but there was no replacement, by anything, for the hydraulic controls.

“I'll keep her up as long as possible, Brooks. We must be near Mongon and I may be able to make it.”

The captain's words didn't help Brooks much. He was going crazy watching the maneuvers of the captain's plane, which had lost quite a bit of altitude now.

Brooks always worried more about other people than himself, but the captain seemed to be his special worry. He claimed he disliked higher officers but to see him now one would have wondered.

The captain decided it was time to get out, but he found the ejection seat would not fire on the low power of the battery.

“I'm here to stay,” he stated more to himself than anyone. At that speed it would be useless to try to jump out. (The speed, even though the engine had cut, was close to the speed of sound, and jumping into air at that speed was like running into a brick wall.)

“Tu es,” said Brooks, trying to keep the Captain from worrying too much. He suddenly realized the captain was much too close to the ground. “Watch it, Cap. The ground.”

The captain saw the ground, wide and level here, coming up swiftly. The stick was sluggish, and the captain fired the guns, hoping to lift the nose by lightening it and by the cannon recoil. It wasn't much but it helped. The nose came up just enough to clatter over the tops of the small pines on the land and continue to fly at that altitude. The altimeter read zero and the captain prayed after saying: “You're losing your touch, Cap.”

Just ahead was a lake and beyond that the airfield. The captain eased the stick forward and the plane started down.

“I think you're crazy, Cap.”

“Me too, Brooks, but this may just do it.”

The plane hit the lake with its bottom and skipped like a stone scaled across the water, while Brooks radioed the airfield to have them lay out foam, a slippery substance that planes can land on without damage if one or more of their landing gear is missing.

On the second bounce the wheels were jarred open and fell into place but the nose gear didn't.

The captain was then wishing he could cut his speed some and the sight of high-power lines lifted his morale some.

The captain was flying at an angle to the runway and right at the power lines. He hit them with the very tip of his tail, which cut his speed and removed part of the tail.

The plane met the concrete runway and strip of foam with a "squish" and a "squeal." The wings folded and the plane lit with a grinding noise.

Brooks stopped his plane near the captain's as the latter got out. At the same time a jeep carrying some officers came up, and a colonel got out and began pumping the captain's hand.

"That's a great bit of flying, sir," he said, and the captain's face got a little red.

Brooks came to his aid by saying, "Eh! Anyone who can fly without altitude and without an engine and without power can do it."

As the Colonel started off on a talk as to the disrespect of young pilots for superior officers, the captain, who was a wise man took Brooks by the arm and started, saying, "Good night, Sirs. I think we'll call it a day."

P.H.S. IN THE YEAR 2005

By Rosalie Allen, '57

Have you ever wondered what life at P.H.S. would be like fifty years from now? We might find some amazing things taking place. Perhaps by the year 2005 someone will have invented an effortless way to do schoolwork. Imagine having a mechanical brain to do your math or write your book reports! And maybe in fifty years students will be eating pills for lunch instead of food (this would be a great boon to those who begrudge the time eating takes away from their lunch period.) There may even be individual supersonic jet-packs that would enable students to fly from class to class or degravitators that would make stair-climbing unnecessary. All this would be wonderful for lazy people. I guess we were born fifty years too soon!

O, CAUSAE MISERIAE

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

At last cold, wintry days are here—
It's time to skate and ski,
And snowy peaks and shimmering ice
Are beckoning to me.
(Let Latin wait, I tell myself;
It's only ten past three.)

When dinner, plates, and little tots
Are tucked away from sight,
Dad suddenly decides, "Let's see
That comedy tonight!"
(Dear Latin book, to miss this show
Would really not be right.)

Hilarity is followed by
A malted milk or two
Continues with a television
Play I have to view.
(But, Latin, in the morning
I'll have lots of time for you.)

I wonder who invented clocks
That run an hour late—
Mine says it's seven-thirty, but
It's really half past eight.
(I am afraid, dear Latin book,
That you will have to wait.)

Before the school day starts, no time
Have I for Latin prose;
I've tests the first three periods.
And why? Goodness only knows!
(But I can do translations while
I'm eating, I suppose.)

But Cicero can't go with steak—
Not even U. S. prime;
To mix pea soup and Livy would
Be practically a crime.
(I'll have to tell the teacher that
I didn't have the time.)

For "slackers" teacher has no use,
And so results this fine:
I'm doing Latin after school,
Yes, every single line!
(Imagine, dear old Latin book,
As if the fault were mine!)

OUR BERKSHIRES

By Gay Skogsberg, '55

A CLOUD of smoke, a grinding machine, a great stone furnace, and a blasting factory whistle best symbolize the great industrial boom in Berkshire County during the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The Yankee farmers, being determined to improve their circumstances above that of others, turned to the Housatonic River as science was telling them that anyone who could acquire water rights could start manufacturing with the possibility of mass production.

Although these farmers did turn to the Housatonic, we notice, as we travel through the County, only vague signs of these ancient industries. What happened? One of the major causes was that the Yankees went to work without giving a thought to the conservation of natural resources. The cheese industry required cattle; the wool industry called for herds and herds of sheep, the woodworking industry required an abundance of timber; and the iron works needed a steady supply of charcoal. When these resources became depleted the once prosperous factories had to shut their great iron doors, only to become the victims of little boys' stone throwing and the harsh winter wind, which helped a long crumbling process begin.

Towards the end of the Revolutionary period Berkshire County was beginning to show signs of becoming an industrial center. The factories, however, were small in scale, poorly housed, and too varied in output. Today our modern industries are incomparable to those of yesteryear. They are much more specialized, concentrating especially on paper, wool and General Electric products.

In 1801 the Pittsfield area was the first large area in America to go into papermaking. Although Lee was foremost in the industry, bragging of seventeen mills, we are inclined to place more emphasis on the Crane Paper Mill of Dalton and Eaton Company of Pittsfield. Perhaps this is because the Crane Company produces all the paper upon which our national currency is printed, and the seal of either company is known throughout the country to represent the best quality of paper.

Rumor has it that the woolen mills are not going to remain in this section of the country much longer, but Berkshire will always be remembered as a woolen center of the North.

The enormous growth of the General Electric Company has, as is a feature of industry, caused both the rapid growth of the county and of our city, which has become known as an industrial center. If it weren't for the G.E. it is quite probable that our school would be considerably smaller. It is also worth noting that the addition of our technical department was a result of a group of General Electric employees.

Our thriving and growing community is not only a result of the number of men employed by the company, but also of the great interest which the company takes in community affairs.

Since the purpose of industry is to create goods which are needed by the public, or goods which are needed to produce products, it is quite conceivable that our Berkshires are living up to the demands of the public by producing its many products.

LOVE'S MANY MEANINGS

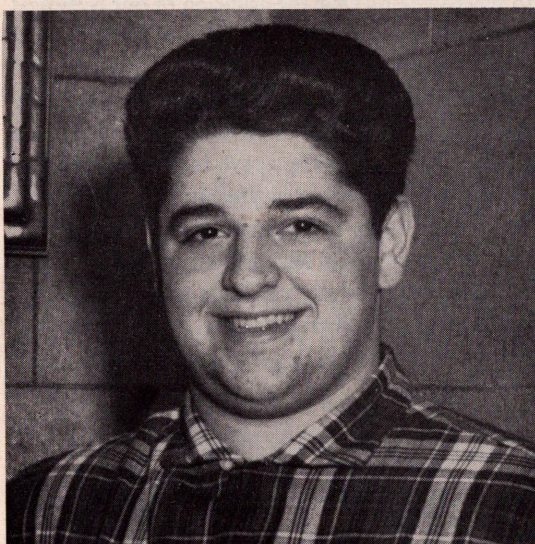
By Elfrieda C. Pierce, '56

Love is as precious as life itself
And both are really one;
For a life not filled with love untold
Is lost—ne'er to be won.
There was never a person untouched by love
And we know there never will be,
For all must have a love of God
Who made both flower and tree.
In childhood we love our Mother's eyes,
Twinkling with glee and joy.
Later we love things bright and clean
As a flower or favorite toy.
Yet love does not end with life's last breath
But continues its life above.
For I believe that heaven is
A place of joy and love.

WHO'S WHO

BOB DALLMEYER

Senior . . . Lead in the Senior Class Play, "Father Knows Best" . . . Boys' Sports editor for THE PEN . . . Advertising Manager of the Yearbook . . . President of Hi-Y—Tri-Hi-Y cabinet . . . Home Room representative . . . Junior Prom Decorating Committee . . . Torch Hi-Y . . . Member of "After Two: Six plus One" . . . Favorite food—pizza-spaghetti and meat balls . . . Ardent Red Sox fan . . . Ambition—to get his Master's Degree from the University of Massachusetts . . . Bob's immediate plans include a European trip next summer.

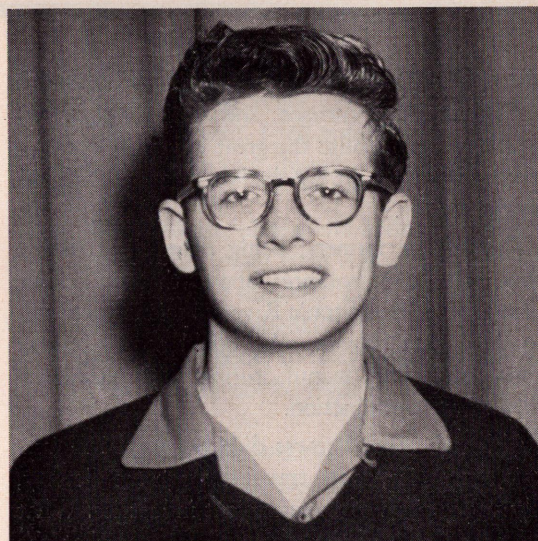


STEVE COHEN

Senior . . . Co-Chairman of Class Play . . . Picture Committee for Yearbook . . . Senior Class Election Committee . . . Junior and Senior homeroom treasurer . . . Motion Picture Club . . . Favorites include steak, Giants, and swimming. Future plans include college and traveling . . . Ambition—to go into dramatics.

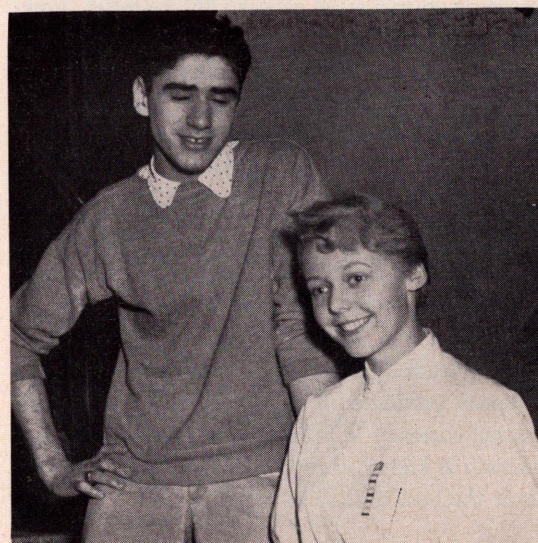
INGRID AMATUS

Senior . . . Co-Chairman of Senior Class Play . . . Secretary of Chess Club . . . Treasurer of Greylock Industries . . . Vice president of Motion Picture Club . . . Home Room Representative for Yearbook Pictures . . . Class Section of Year Book Committee . . . Choralettes . . . Girls' Glee Club . . . Junior Prom Reception Committee. Future plans—University of Massachusetts.



JOHN ROCCA

Senior . . . Baseball manager . . . Basketball manager . . . Treasurer of Senior Class . . . Choralettes . . . Likes the Yankees . . . Can't talk about food or he'd never finish . . . Pet peeve: People who bother him when he's eating . . . Future plans include attending Eastern Bible Institute . . . Comment: Grand place.



WHO'S WHO

SUE STRONG

Senior . . . Will play "Betty" in Senior Class Play . . . Going to All State Orchestra in Boston on February 26th to play first horn . . . Member of Little Symphony and Berkshire Symphony . . . Favorites: water skiing and pizza . . . Ambition: to be a music teacher . . . Future plans: B.U. School of Music, majoring in music education . . . Comment: "I dread my music audition for entrance at B.U., in April."



DONALD (BUTCH) TERPAK

Senior . . . Member of baseball and hockey teams as junior and senior . . . Yearbook Committee . . . Booster Committee . . . Senior Council . . . Class Play . . . Favorite pastime: speed skating . . . Pet peeve: noisy Physics Class . . . Favorite food: roast chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy with green peas . . . Ambition: to graduate from college.

HARRY HAMILTON

Senior . . . Member of Phi-Hi-Y . . . Co-captain of the ski team . . . Belongs to the advisory committee of the Senior Class Play . . . Member of the Booster Committee . . . Also sings with the Choralettes . . . Favorite sports: skiing, hiking, swimming and cave exploring . . . Favorite pastime: dancing, playing the piano, singing, and frustrating girls . . . Favorite food: everything but sea food.



TONI BONAQUISTI

Senior . . . Co-chairman of the Good Will Committee . . . The repair man in the Senior Class play . . . On the Jay Vee basketball team . . . Favorites—Mother's spaghetti and meat balls and dancing . . . Comment—"I'm still waiting for the Red Sox" . . . Favorite expression—"Well, a—"

"BEV" COWELL

Co-chairman of the Good Will Committee . . . On School Notes staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN . . . Member of Delta Tri-Hi-Y . . . Participates in all girls' sports . . . Likes Johnny Ray, Red Sox, the Army, steak and French fries



SCHOOL NOTES

ELEANOR APTACY, FRANCES BIENICK, JUDY BARLOW, MARTHA COX, SUE CONNORS, DOT CLARK, BONNIE CLARK, BEATRICE COWELL, MARJORIE DUNN, SHEILA DOYLE, PAT FRANK, ELEANOR FARRELL, MARGO GAUL, PAT GILLISPIE, CYNTHIA JASON, BARBARA MCCARTHY, MARILYN MARKS, CONNIE NEFORES, PAT TURNER, KAREN TIERNEY, SUE WISLEK, PAT WHALEN, MARJORIE WILSON, EILEEN WILLNER, SUE WILBUR.

MUSICAL NOTES

The band, the orchestra, the girls' glee clubs, the mixed glee club, and the dance band are all busy rehearsing for the annual spring concert in the P.H.S. auditorium, Friday evening, April 15. This year, as last year, the concert will be sponsored by the music and guidance departments for college scholarships to deserving students. These scholarships will be open to all seniors in the 1955 class.

The P.H.S. band, orchestra, and glee clubs will travel to Chicopee to participate in the annual Western Massachusetts Music Festival, held on Saturday, May 21. Last year P.H.S. was host at the festival.

Six P.H.S. students were chosen for the All-State in Boston during the last week of February. In the orchestra are Susan Strong and Wally Everest. The All State Band include Clifford Adams and Sonia Kronick, and in the chorus are Sue Tucker and Carol Sykes. These students were chosen by competitive audition with students all over the state.

Y CONTEST

Wednesday, January 12th, a group of 20 met at the Y.M.C.A. with Russ Ball to discuss the formation of a newspaper which would be distributed to all Y.M.C.A. members of high school age level. There will be a contest to pick the best name for the newspaper. A suggestion box will be placed in the youth department at the Y for the contestants who must belong to the Y.M.C.A. The prize is two tickets to the Pittsfield High senior class play. Contestants must put down their name, address, phone, and choice of name for the paper.

Connie Nefores and Kit Gillispie were elected co-editors-in-chief.

Sub editors are: Mary Ann Caritey, club news; Bev Nelson, boys' sports; Pat Delamarter, girls' sports; Bev Goss, special features; Marilyn Marks and Connie Giftos, odds and ends. The newspaper will be under the supervision of Russ Ball, and will be distributed the 15th of each month.

HI-Y—TRI-HI-Y NOTES

ALPHA sold candy mints for a money making project; had an interesting talk and movie about retarded children; ate supper at the Busy Bee; held a skating party.

GAMMA—Bess Eagan spoke to the girls; Virginia Hashim and Pat Leighfield were co-chairmen of the party at the Crippled Children's Home; went skating in January.

SIGMA co-sponsored Cupid's Caper; went roller skating this month; planning dance band concert.

Phi Hi-Y co-sponsored Cupid's Caper; painted rumpus room at Y.

DELTA held skating party; made a Christmas basket; went bowling the first of February.

BETA held a social with Hi-Y; had a spaghetti supper at the Busy Bee.

ZETA had a cake sale; had a joint meeting with Gamma to plan for the March dance; planning to go roller skating.

Hi-Y held a social with Beta; planning a hayride.

TORCH planning a skating party; Doc Brent spoke to them; had some speakers who went to the recent Older Boys' Conference.

THETA Officers: Eleanor Amerio, president; Mary Porter, vice president; Carol LeBeau, secretary; Betty Rash, treasurer; Geri Somerville, warden; and Stephanie Spasyk, chaplain. The club sent packages overseas at Christmas; held a cake sale.

BERKSHIRE HILLS CONFERENCE met in North Adams Jan. 16th. Glenda Renzi was elected chaplain; honor club system was discussed; various presidents explained how their meetings were conducted; problems of each club were compared; refreshments were served.

Have you heard about the student exchanges? Two schools get together and send pupils from one to the other school. The pupils pay part of their carfare and sleep at the homes of students whose school they are visiting. It sounds like great fun and promotes good will, school spirit, and a chance to miss school.

VOCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

The Auto Departments have just been to Terrytown, New York, to visit the Fisher Body Assembly Plant, and the General Motors Division of Chevrolet. Under the supervision of Mr. Dehey and Mr. Molitor, the boys left Pittsfield at 5:00 A. M. by bus. Many of the boys reported to the buses at 4:15 A. M.

The boys stopped at Poughkeepsie, New York, for coffee and a break before arriving at the plant at 8:45 A. M. The first part of the trip was spent at the Fisher Body Plant, where the boys were amazed at the process by which cars are assembled. The first step consisted of taking metal plates from railroad cars and preparing them for assembly. From the very start to the finished product there is no stop in the production line.

The bodies progress along an assembly line and arrive at the exact spot according to a pre-arranged schedule where they meet a matching type of chassis for that type of body. This process really amazed the boys since various types of bodies meet the exact type of chassis and all of the bodies differ in color combinations and styles.

After this they move along where fenders, lights, bumpers, and horns are assembled. The cars then undergo tests by experts. If the cars do not pass, minor adjustments are made on the spot if possible. After the testing the cars are loaded on railroad box cars or else parked in lots to await shipment to all parts of Eastern United States and Europe.

At the end of their trip the boys had a lunch in the G.M. cafeteria at about 12:30 P. M. before boarding the bus for Pittsfield where they arrived at about 3:30 P. M. As everyone who went will agree, it was a day well spent and one to be remembered.

The boys in the Sheet Metal Department have been kept busy overhauling the exhaust system in the Auto Body Shop. This was done by Carl Zurin, Albert Pires, Ken Borden and Edgar Kettles.

The Cabinetmaking Department has been kept busy doing bulletin boards for the Guidance Department. These were done by Walter Mierzmowski. Also, two bookcases for the library at the high school were made by Joe Picia and William Alexander. A bookcase and cabinet for Pomeroy were made by Cliff Heidel and David Chapman.

The Printing Department has made the 1955 desk calendars. The boys responsible for these were Jim Overbaugh, Bob Woodin, Len Marino, Don Clark, John Rocca and Don King. Geometry Curriculum Study Charts were also made by Peter Frank, Rit Provencher, and Paul Neff. If you have read the "Eagle" and noticed that a census was going to be taken on the school children, you can recognize the work of our own Printing Department in these charts. These were done by Don MacWhinnie and Len Marino. The music award posters were done by Don King and John Rocca. These boys are doing a marvelous job and will try to maintain their already set standards.

The boys in the Drafting Department have been very busy with photostat work. All the students applying to colleges for entrance have a high school record which must be accompanied by an application. Up until this year the clerical staff at the office used to do these records, but now the photostats are made thus saving many hours of work. The boys who helped do over two hundred of these are Peter Knysh, George Decker, and Charles Provenzano. Dan Butrymowicz has just completed revising a record chart for the Drafting Room. Fred Delamarter has made the drawings for the new bookcases in the library; also, bookcases for Plunkett, along with the bulletin board for the Guidance Room. Peter Knysh has made a record chart for the Commercial Department. An interesting experiment was performed by Mr. Harvey and Vic Standard. Usually a blueprint comes out with a blue background and white letters. First they took a photostat of the required object and then ran it through the blueprint machine on blueprint paper. The result was a print with a white background and black letters, just the opposite of a blueprint and also much easier to read. Chuck Provenzano did a drawing on a playground layout with all the courts and facilities for almost every game imaginable.

The Welding Department has just recently completed three chair carriers for Mr. Wayne and the Music Department. The carriers save a lot of work for members of the band and the credit should be conferred upon John Grychak, Donald Rawson and Joe Pravin. The boys are currently working on a frame for a heater which is to be installed in the welding shop. Also, Styker Aldam, John Martino and John Sinio have completed wrought iron coffee tables for themselves.

Book Review

By Carole Spearin

"LOVE IS ETERNAL"

By Irving Stone

"Love is Eternal" is a wonderfully human story, not only because its heroine, Mary Lincoln, actually lived, but also because the author seems to make incidents in her life and the lives of her distinguished contemporaries live once more in the reader's mind.

Teenagers, I think, will especially enjoy reading of Mary's girlhood in Springfield, Illinois, where she was immensely popular with the young gentlemen. Intensely interested in politics, she dreamed of marrying a man who would someday reach the White House. Abraham Lincoln, "the man a Todd wouldn't be interested in," seemed to be this person, for Mary fell in love with him.

After a long and stormy courtship, Abraham wedded the Todd girl in 1842, with a ring bearing a verbal expression of his affection for her, "Love is eternal." Throughout the book the reader realizes Mary's constant faithfulness to her duties as she saw them. Thus the story in reality is the heart-warming biography of their marriage, their sorrows and joys, during Lincoln's years as legislator and and circuit rider, which took him so often from his home, wife, and four sons.

Their later years in the White House, the busiest and most difficult of their lives, were beset on all sides by seemingly insoluble problems and griefs—slavery, Abe's cabinet, the deaths of Mary's Confederate brothers, and even a newspaper's charge of her treason against her native South. Throughout the war the author shows Lincoln's tremendous courage and ceaseless efforts in behalf of his country. However, the reader must not think that the book lacks laughter, since Abe's many yarns and the comical actions of his sons provide it with much humor.

The novel also shows a remarkable and interesting contrast between life then and now. A "proper" woman's name appeared but twice in the newspaper, when she was married and when she died. Mary, I think, must be given much credit as a girl for continuing courses similar to those of a near-by university which enrolled only boys. The author's descriptions of various social affairs make entertaining reading while illustrating vividly the changes in community activities over the past century.

The stages of Lincoln's political career are more than just history, for they represent the very happy years Mary and her husband labored side by side in the campaigns. Even with Abraham's election to the Presidency, Mary's childhood dream was somehow not fulfilled. She knew that ahead of the man she loved lay the gigantic task of guiding a bewildered nation split by the horrors of the Civil War.

The reader knows of Abraham's tragic death at the end of this war and feels that his leadership of our nation during its most critical period was superb. As Mary and her son left the White House that last time in 1865, she realized so strongly the significance of the words in her ring, that the mutual love of Abraham and herself would truly endure forever.

MOVIE PREVIEW

For the month of February the Motion Picture Club has chosen the Walt Disney production, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Mr. Disney took his story from the book of the same title written by Jules Verne almost a hundred years ago. When Mr. Disney brings this story into view on Cinemascope, he brings into realization the evidence that the author must have been a prophet when he wrote about atomic submarines.

The story begins in 1865. Many of the United States ships have been sunk by a mysterious monster. The government decides to send an expedition into the sea to find the monster and kill it. Three men are chosen to take charge. They are Ned Land (Kirk Douglas), a harpooner and Conseil (Peter Lorre), assistant to Professor Pierre Aronnax (Paul Lukas), an ocean scientist.

The ship is sunk by the mysterious monster and the only three survivors are the three leaders. They discover that the monster is man-made, and the strange crewmen with helmets take them prisoners. The submarine, headed by Captain Nemo (James Mason), takes them on many thrilling adventures.

Knowing Walt Disney's reputation we can expect an unusual and adventurous story.

FASCINATING FELINE

By Dorothy Travers, '55

Violet eyes gazed into mine

With just a hint of mischief there.

The long black hair was soft and fine;

Her magic caught me unaware.

Father Knows Best

GETTING her first date with Ralph wasn't easy, and Betty's afraid it'll be her last. Father has called off their plans to go dancing. After reading a newspaper story about teen-age elopement, he's decided young people will bear watching; and since the best place to watch them is at home, that's where Betty and Ralph must spend the evening. Father will get acquainted with the young man, and if he passes inspection, they can go dancing—next time. "There won't be any next time," wails Betty . . . She does her utmost to convince him. Ralph is a *wonderful* boy—the most important thing in her life—and she'll die if she can't go dancing with him. Father is not merely unmoved—he's *more* suspicious than ever. Isn't Betty's enthusiasm a dangerous thing? Besides, he asks the family, what's so awful about spending an evening at home? Nothing—but it seems that Bud, Kathy and even Mother have made plans to go out. Aggravated, Father puts his foot down—they'll *all* stay home. Invite their friends over, yes—but no one is to leave the house! The results are not quite what he expects; in fact, the town's social life is suddenly centered on the Anderson household, with a Garden Club meeting in the living room, basketball in the basement, and hide-and-seek all over the place. Betty and Ralph find things so confusing they decide to escape. When Father discovers they've gone, he's appalled. Elopement is a certainty, and over Mother's protests he calls the police. The search is on before Father finds out that Ralph is the son of an important new business prospect—the man on whom they're depending for Father's much-needed commission. Father tries to call the law off quietly, but nothing doing . . . "What do you think I am?" says the indignant officer—"Corruptible?" The latter pursues the trail with great zeal, and drags Betty and Ralph in to face the parents of both—having located them at a distant soda fountain. The excitement and humorous complications grow, and then in the final scene Father discovers that while he may know best, the young people know a little, too. Here is a comedy with unusual vitality, freshness, and believability. We hope you'll investigate this play before deciding on your next production.



"FATHER KNOWS BEST"

By

Kristin Sergel

CAST

Jim Anderson, father	Robert Dallmeyer
Margaret Anderson, mother	Joan Thornton
Betty, their oldest daughter	Susan Strong
Kathy, their younger daughter	Marian Sinico
Bud, their son	Kenneth Cassidy
Janie, Betty's girl friend	Sara Milne
Ramona, Betty's girl friend	Marjorie Tully
Patty, Kathy's best friend	Joanna Camerlengo
Repair Man, from the washing machine company	Anthony Bonacquisti
Ralph, Betty's current fellow	Peter Genovese
Mr. Brinkworth, Ralph's father	Philip Pomerantz
Officer Johnson, from missing persons	Ferdinand Litter
Bud's friend, from the basketball team	Donald Terpak
Mrs. Wembley, of the Garden Club	Patricia Frank
Mrs. Jones, of the Garden Club	Glenda Renzi
Mrs. Woolsey, of the Garden Club	Madeline Tini
Perkins, police matron	Eleanor Farrell

Scholarship Funds

SEVERAL research studies in recent years have shown that the rising cost of college and technical school education is becoming an increasingly important factor in why more pupils do not go on to school. Therefore it is most important that local communities raise funds to help worthy students attend institutions of higher learning.

Communities have been known to acquire this money through many different methods, ranging from cake sales and tag days to fines on members of various service clubs. Here in the Pittsfield School system a beginning was made last year to establish an internal scholarship committee, whose object was to help Pittsfield High School students obtain scholarships from the colleges themselves and to raise money to award students.

As a part of this committee's activities, the former three concerts given by the school band, orchestra, and glee club, under Mr. M. Wayne, were combined into one large concert. This concert was so successful last year that it will be held again this year under the same auspices, immediately before the Spring vacation. Last year the scholarship committee also sponsored a contest, awarding each person who sold five tickets one free ticket. Many people, after hearing the concert and realizing its great cause, donated money for their free tickets.

This year we believe that Mr. Wayne has planned an even more exciting program than last year, which is bound to appeal to everyone from six to sixty. Not only does he have our band, orchestra, and glee clubs, but he has formed a new mixed voice Glee Club, known all over Pittsfield as the Choralettes.

Several local merchants have become interested in this scholarship service. Those who have donated sizable sums of money for this purpose are Stanley Shapiro of Shapiro Motors, Arnold Rose of Capitol Furniture Company, and Ralph O'Connell of O'Connell Oil Company. It is hoped that in the near future more civic minded merchants will donate money for this cause.

Students of Pittsfield High School, it is your job to get out and help support the scholarship committee by selling tickets and also attending the concert, so that one or more of your classmates may attend college.

RETAIL SALES CLASS

The Retail Sales Club held its first meeting of 1955 Monday, January 10th in Room 107. The club officers who were elected in September are as follows: President, Eileen Frieri; secretary, Ruth Boling; treasurer, Dorothy Henault; publicity manager, Carole Mansen.

The activities from September through December were reviewed. So far this year the class has gone on a tour to the National Cash Register Company. This tour is taken every year as a part of the Store System unit of study. The class gave a Halloween Party for the Crippled Children at the home on West Street. A program of entertainment was planned and refreshments were served. In connection with Good Grooming Mrs. Donald Shaw, a former model, visited the class and gave a very informative talk to the group. All the displays in Room 107 have been planned and arranged by the students. During the month of December all the girls in the class went out to work full-time in the stores. The students found this work project period very valuable.

On the agenda for the rest of the year are such activities as an Easter party for the Crippled Children, a tour of a local store, a talk on fabrics by the fabric buyer, a tour of the Berkshire Woolen Mill. Tours to other local industries will be planned also in connection with class study.

The highlight of the class activities will be a planned tour of a store in an out-of-town shopping center. In previous years the classes have toured the Albert Steiger Co. in Springfield, W. M. Whitney Co. in Albany, Sears, Roebuck Co. in West Springfield and many more. Last year the Club arranged a tour of the new Lord & Taylor store in West Hartford. This year the trip will be taken sometime after Easter but as yet plans have not been completed.

TECHNICAL NEWS

Bob Rohlf reports that the Tech sophomores have had some very interesting talks in recent months. The first one was delivered by Mr. Bulgarelli, who manages the Pittsfield Weather Station. He talked on what causes weather to act as it does and how it is predicted. Next, two General Electric employees lectured on the radiation of heat. The third speaker talked on the effect of low temperatures on various materials. He brought with him a container of liquid nitrogen which was at a tem-

MEET THE FACULTY



MISS E. LAURA HODGES

Teaches English, including Remedial English . . . Born in Buckland, Mass. . . . Graduated with B.A. from Mount Holyoke . . . Has M.A. from Boston University . . . M.Ed. from North Adams State Teachers College . . . Attended Summer Reading Clinic at Mount Holyoke . . . Has taken a course in Improvement in Reading Techniques at Temple University and the Annual Reading Institute at Temple University . . . Came to Pittsfield High in 1937 from Natick, Mass. . . . Is faculty adviser of Motion Picture Club . . . Enjoys movies, plays, astronomy and gardening.



MR. EDWARD SHIELDS

Teaches English . . . Born in Pittsfield . . . is married and has one son . . . Attended St. Thomas College where he received B.A. degree . . . taught at Pomeroy Junior High School before coming to P.H.S. . . . Enjoys sailing, skiing, books and painting.

perature of 319 degrees below zero. The most recent speaker was Mr. Camilli, who talked and showed slides on the science of astronomy. These speakers help make the tenth grade physics course very informative and interesting.

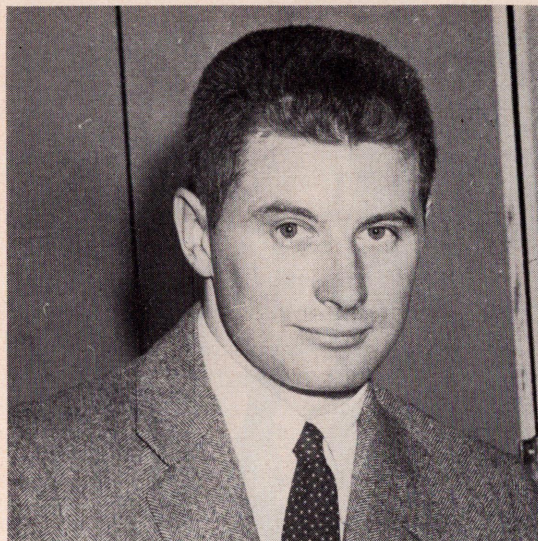
Two prominent tech boys, Mike Hines and Paul Whitney, have taken on the job of remodeling Mr. Maihl's 1937 Plymouth in addition to their regular studies. They are planning to make it look like a Mercedes-Benz. Mr. Maihl will surely have the snappiest car on the school grounds.

Many of the students have been displaying the new insignia of the tech course on their jackets. The

one responsible for the design was Ferdinand Litter, who is a specialist in geometric art. Ferd has been doing that type of drawing for several years in preparation for a career in the field of civil engineering.

In connection with overcrowding in the high school, Mr. McKenna's two senior English classes did research on the subject, and had a lively debate on how the problem could best be solved. After the various plans were presented and defended, it was generally agreed that extension of the wings and the construction of a new vocational building was the most feasible plan.

ALUMNI NOTES



JOSEPH L. BOLSTER, JR.

AMONG the many distinguished alumni of Pittsfield High School is Mr. Joseph L. Bolster, Jr., assistant to the Director of Admissions at Princeton University. This young man has had a remarkable career since graduation from P.H.S. in 1946.

While a student at P.H.S., Mr. Bolster was vice president of his class, a member of the football team and captain of the track team.

Upon graduation Mr. Bolster entered the army. After his discharge, he went to a preparatory school for one-half of a year and then entered Princeton University.

Mr. Bolster says, "I believe a boy should first gain admittance to college and then go into the service. By thus enrolling in a college, a boy has a feeling of continuity about his education."

Mr. Bolster lived in Williamstown early in his life. "There, all the boys wanted to go to Williams College. In the yearbook at Williams, all the seniors were asked where they would like to have gone if they hadn't gone to Williams. The majority said Princeton. This impressed me so much that I decided to look into Princeton. Everything about it pleased me—the size, the curricula, everything."

Mr. Bolster's present job consists of traveling to different parts of the country, interviewing prospec-

tive students and meeting alumni. He is traveling six weeks of the year. "I got interested in my present job in a negative way," added Mr. Bolster. "I wanted to work at Princeton, preferably coaching cross country and track."

Mr. Bolster remarked that Princeton is hard to get into and a boy who was an average student would have a very hard time gaining admission. "Four thousand apply and only seven hundred and fifty are accepted. Out of the seven hundred and fifty, six hundred are in the top 25% of their class."

Along with his present job, Mr. Bolster would like to do some fiction writing. When asked about his baseball preference he stated, "The Dodgers—in fact anyone except the Yankees."

Tiger, Tiger,
Sis, Boom, Bah,
Princeton, Princeton
Rah, Rah, Rah.

1954 GRADUATES ATTENDING COLLEGE

- GAIL BADGER—Syracuse University
- BARBARA BEDELL—George Washington University
- BARBARA CALEBAUGH—King's College
- KENNETH FERRIS—Holy Cross
- HERB LIDSTONE—Tufts
- LOUIS WYNN—University of Massachusetts
- DIANE CHAPMAN—Keuka College
- DAVID ATKIN—Purdue
- JANET CHEYNE—University of Massachusetts
- RICHARD BAUMGRAS—Northeastern
- GAIL CREIGHTON—Eastman School of Music
- CLIFFORD DALLMEYER—Lowell Tech Institute
- GEORGE BROOKNER—Syracuse University
- JAMES DEMETRY—Worcester Polytechnic Institute
- FARRELL DE NOYES—Worcester Polytechnic Institute
- BETTY MAE TAYLOR—Bridgewater State Teachers' College
- DAVE FILLIO—Northeastern
- JOAN DUDA—Sargent College
- JOHN MINER—University of Massachusetts
- EMILIO LANDRY—R.P.I.
- ALEXANDER NARDACCI—North Adams State Teachers' College
- ANNE FLYNN—Becker Junior College
- ARTHUR PECK—University of Massachusetts

BOYS' SPORTS

PAT WHALEN, LARRY LEVINE, SUSAN CONNORS, ROBERT VINER, MARTHA COX, FRANK MURPHY, MAUREEN CONNORS, ROSS WEATHERWAX, ROBERT FULLER.

HOCKEY

The Pittsfield High hockey team is improving after their two defeats to Cranwell 9-2, 7-2. They defeated Darrow in a close game 3-2 Friday afternoon, Jan. 21. Roger Canzano, and Murt Hathaway played excellent defensive games against Darrow. Goals for Pittsfield in the three games are Don DeBlieux 2, Ken Cassidy 1, Gordon Chader 2, Don Terpak 2.

Members of the team are Gordon Chader, Ken Cassidy, Don DeBlieux, Don Terpak, Roger Canzano, Murt Hathaway, Ron Chiorgno, Don Chiorgno, Mike and Ike Bradley, Bob Fuller, Bob Babillis, Dave Viner, Tom Dietlin.

* * * * *

SKI NOTES

The ski team has its fingers crossed for some substantial snow before the winter is over. The team, captained by Harry Hamilton and Eric Latimer, have scheduled two meets with Lenox Prep on the 2nd and the 16th of February. Other members of the team are Bob Smith (Bill Smith's younger brother), John Seely, Ray Tuggy, Harry Reinhold, Pete Helliwell, and Dick Riseberg.

* * * * *

NEW HAMPSHIRE TOURNAMENT

Bright and early the 28th of December, Pittsfield's basketball team set out for Berlin, New Hampshire, on a three-day jamboree. Two players stayed at each home, and according to all the reports the hospitality was outstanding. P.H.S. won the tournament by defeating Gorham High School by the score of 68-40, and Berlin 53-49. Dick Chapman was named the "most valuable player"; Bob Quadrozzi and Jack Navin were selected to be on the "All Jamboree Team."

* * * * *

Immediately preceding the beginning of the 1954-55 basketball season, the Pittsfield Public School Department was advised by the Quartermaster-General that the state would require an insurance policy for spectators with a fee of twenty

dollars for each game played in the State Armory. State Senator Silvio Conte and Governor's Councilor Bruce Crane have appealed this ruling and the matter is now pending before the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Mr. George Fingold. At the present time, the expenses for each home game are approximately \$150-\$180. This includes fees for the chief armorer, rental of the armory, rental of bleachers, etc. Doctor Edward J. Russell, Superintendent of Schools, has stated in a recent interview that Pittsfield High School will continue to play in the Armory even if the ruling on the policy must be carried out.

What's Your Reasoning Ability?

By Phil Pryde

THE will of a prominent business tycoon called for all of his possessions to go to the smartest of his three sons. The choice was put into the hands of the tycoon's lawyer, who called the three men together and explained to them how he would make his decision.

He told them that he would blindfold all three and tape either a piece of white paper or a piece of black paper to each of their foreheads. Then, when he took away the blindfolds, they were to hold up their hand if they noticed a white piece of paper taped on the forehead of either one or both of the other men. Using only this as a clue, he continued, the first one who could correctly name the color of the paper on his own forehead and give a good explanation for his answer would become heir to his father's fortunes.

Then he blindfolded them and taped white paper on each of their foreheads. Of course, when he removed the blindfolds, all three men held up their hands. After a while, one of the men exclaimed that his color was white, gave his reasons, and was announced the heir. How had he been able to determine what color the paper on his forehead was?

SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

GIRLS' SPORTS

Editors—Susan Strong, Patricia Stanley, Elizabeth Gomes, Jane Massimiano

VOLLEYBALL

Finally—yes, finally, the results of the varsity volleyball play-offs are definite. Although the seniors came off with the honors again this year, they have to admit that they played many close games with their rivals, the sophomore and junior teams.

The Senior Varsity team consisted of Judy Eldridge, Darryl Messer, Steph Wojtkowski, Eva Todd, Sara Varanka, Beverly Furey, Ann Dos Reis, Emily Golin, Lil Calnan, Sandra Zorbo, Carolyn Cassidy.

SWIMMING

The Pittsfield High Girls' Swimming Team got off to a flying start with eighty-seven mermaids from all three classes signing up. These girls practice every Monday afternoon from 3:15 to 4:15 at the Boys' Club under the supervision of Mrs. Morton Wayne. The girls will swim on their own class team so competition should be keen. Instruction will run for eleven weeks with intensive practice in racing, diving, and form swimming. At the end of this period, a tournament will be held. The girls on the winning team will receive letters and those on the runner-up teams will receive class numerals. With the promise of such interesting competition, who knows, one of our "lassies" might make the Olympics yet!

BOWLING

"Strike! Spare!" Yes, once again, the girls are shouting these words as they begin another bowling tournament at the Pastime Alleys. This year, the pin-boys are really going to be busy "setting them up" for 192 girls who have signed up on 32 individual teams. At the end of the season, the four teams with the highest averages will have a roll-off. The girls on the winning team will be awarded trophies and numerals. The girl who has the highest single average will be presented a trophy and runners-up in the tournament will also receive awards. These bowling awards will be presented to the girls at the annual Athletic Awards assembly in June.

BASKETBALL

Once again, attention is focused on the Round-Robin Basketball Tournament. This year, as in former years, the individual teams are composed of girls from all three high school grades. These teams are captained by senior girls who have had quite a bit of playing experience in this sport and who are, therefore, able to coach others who are not so adept in their playing skills. The girls on the winning team will receive class numerals. The senior girls who head the eight round-robin teams are: Stephanie Wojtkowski, Sara Varanka, Sandra Zorbo, Emily Golin, Ann Dos Reis, Patricia Frank, Beverly Furey, Carolyn Cassidy.

THE SKI TEAM

Although the ski team has had only one meeting so far this year, the girls have shown a great deal of enthusiasm and they are all hoping that the weather will permit them to improve their skills in this exciting winter sport. At the first meeting, Coach Alice Petry gave a brief talk about last year's team and she also spoke of future plans for the "Andrea Meads" of P.H.S. This year the girls plan to ski at Clapp Park. The team is composed of the following girls: Heather Nesbit, Elizabeth Gomes, Sandra Garnish, Betsy McCormick, Betsy Graves, Toni Lincks, Ann Russ, Nancy Rogers, Barbara Hoag, Nan Selkowitz, Debby Selkowitz, Beverly Fenner, Harriet Sutton.



FEBRUARY, 1955

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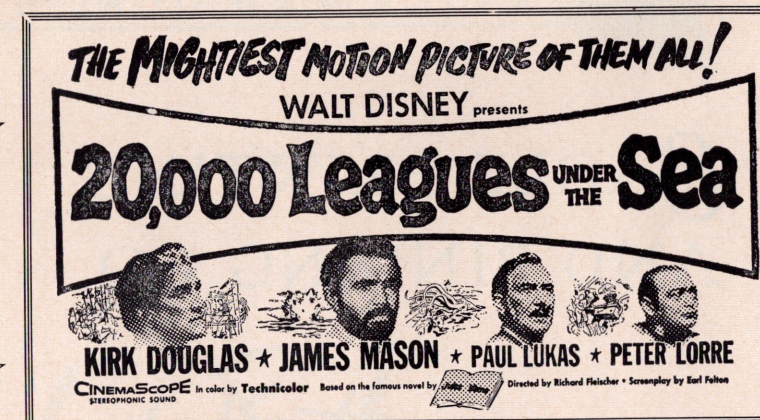
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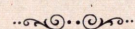
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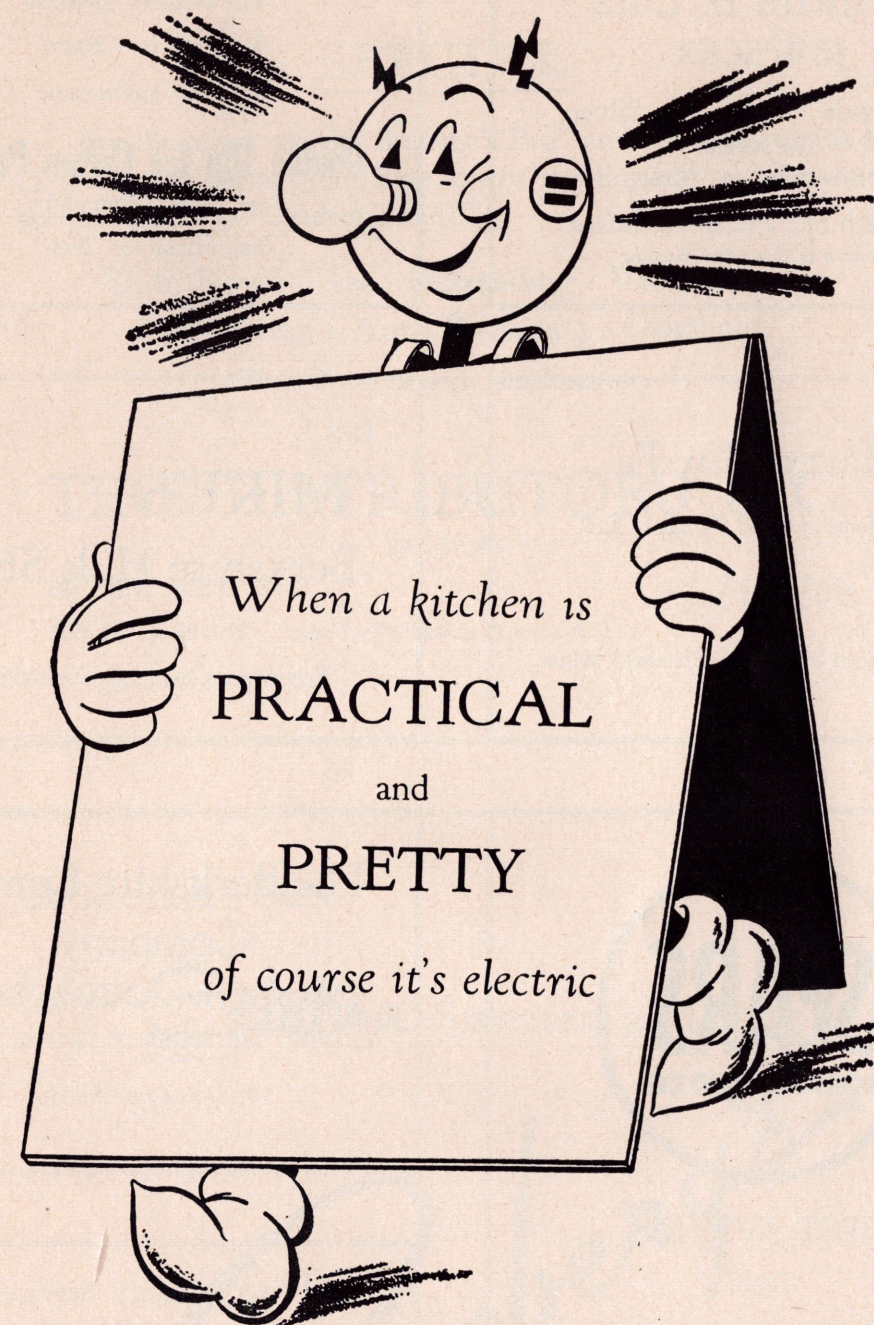
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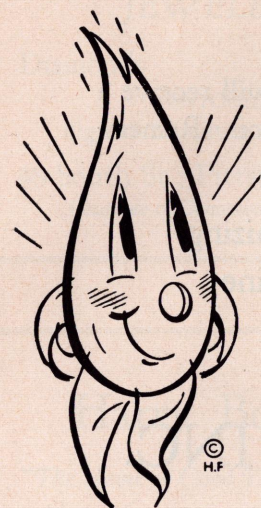
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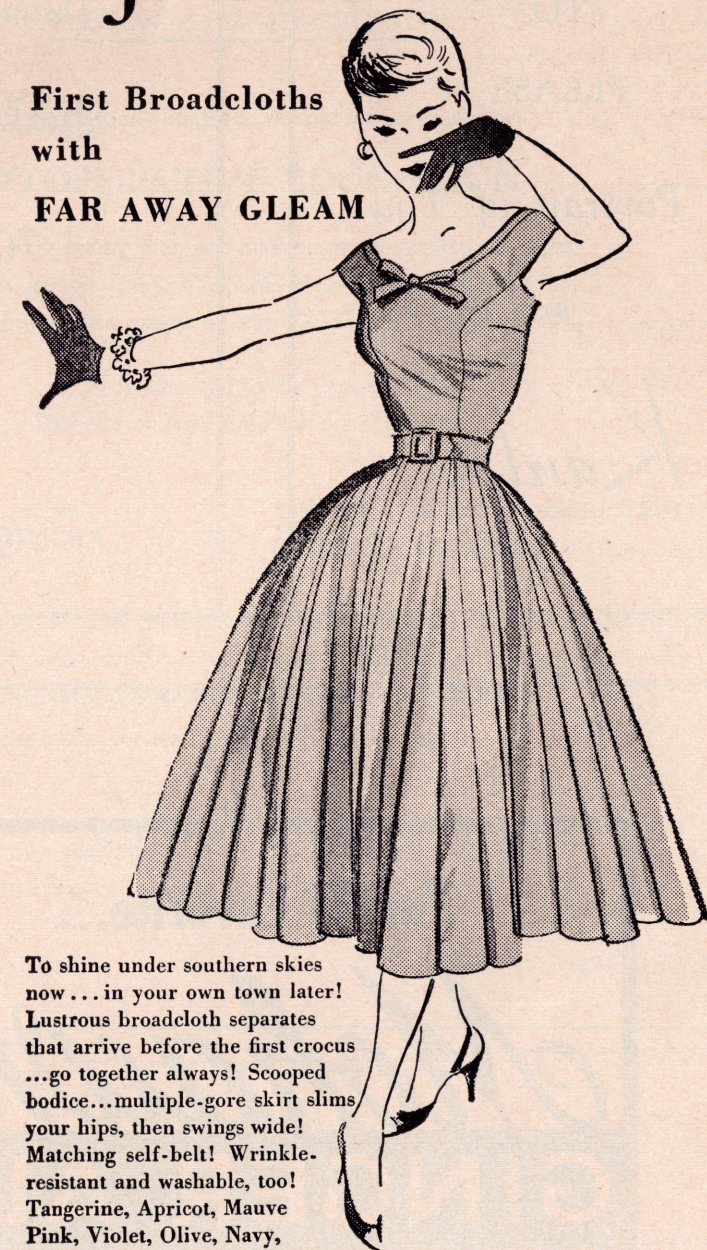
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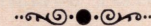
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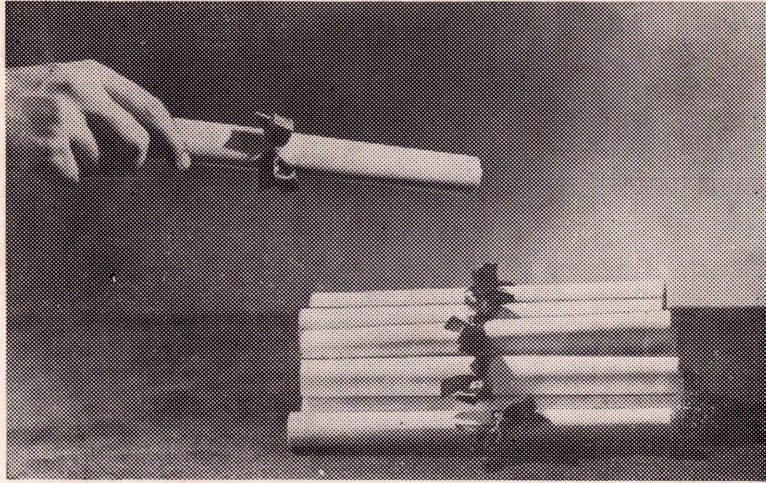
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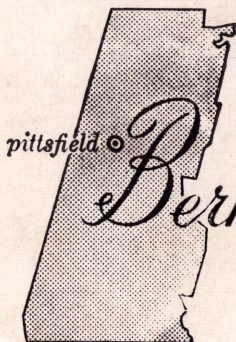


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